

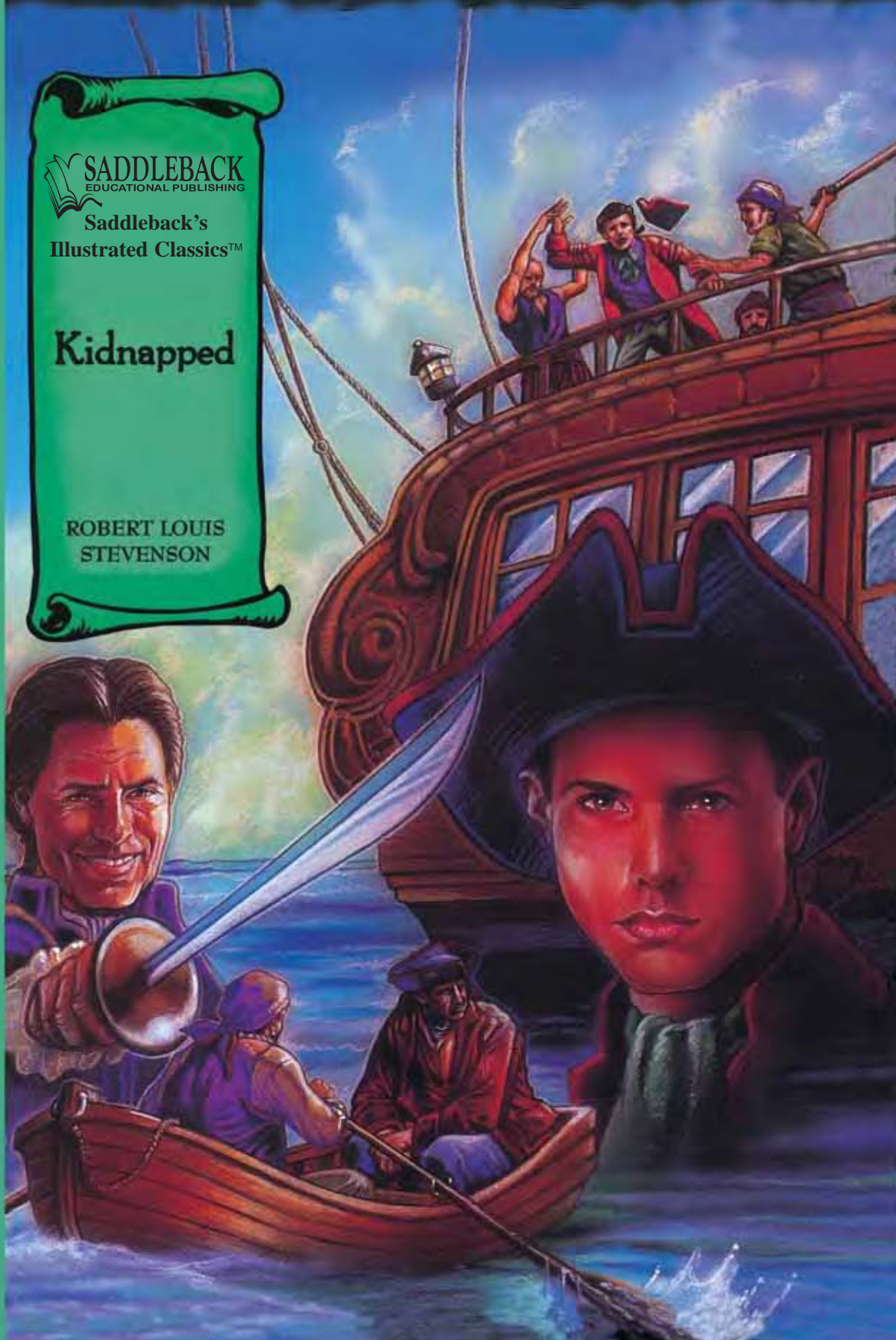


SADDLEBACK
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING

Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics™

Kidnapped

ROBERT LOUIS
STEVENSON



Kidnapped

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Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™



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Welcome to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™]

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™]. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

With these graphically *Illustrated Classics*[™], you learn what happens in the story in a number of different ways. One way is by reading the words a character says. Another way is by looking at the drawings of the character. The artist can tell you what kind of person a character is and what he or she is thinking or feeling.

This series will help you to develop confidence and a sense of accomplishment as you finish each novel. The stories in Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] are fun to read. And remember, fun motivates!

Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world's greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics*[™], you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.

Step-By-Step

The following is a simple guide to using and enjoying each of your *Illustrated Classics*[™]. To maximize your use of the learning activities provided, we suggest that you follow these steps:

1. ***Listen!*** We suggest that you listen to the read-along. (At this time, please ignore the beeps.) You will enjoy this wonderfully dramatized presentation.
2. ***Pre-reading Activities.*** After listening to the audio presentation, the pre-reading activities in the Activity Book prepare you for reading the story by setting the scene, introducing more difficult vocabulary words, and providing some short exercises.
3. ***Reading Activities.*** Now turn to the “While you are reading” portion of the Activity Book, which directs you to make a list of story-related facts. Read-along while listening to the audio presentation. (This time pay attention to the beeps, as they indicate when each page should be turned.)
4. ***Post-reading Activities.*** You have successfully read the story and listened to the audio presentation. Now answer the multiple-choice questions and other activities in the Activity Book.

Remember,

“Today’s readers are tomorrow’s leaders.”



Robert Louis Stevenson

Robert Louis Stevenson, a Scottish author of adventure and travel books, poems, and essays, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1850. The son of a successful engineer, he studied law but never practiced it.

Frequent illness led Stevenson to travel to climates which were better for his health. During a stay in France, he met and later married Fanny Osborne. She was 10 years older than he and had two children of her own. *Treasure Island*, Stevenson's first and most famous novel, was begun as a story to amuse his young stepson.

He and his family spent the next decade traveling from one health resort to another hoping that Stevenson's condition would get better. During this time period, he wrote many of his best known works: *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *A Child's Garden of Verses*, and *Kidnapped*.

After his health improved, he and his family settled on the island of Samoa. He spent the last five years of his life there as a plantation owner and crusader against the harsh treatment of the island's native peoples. He also wrote several fine essays and collaborated with his stepson on three novels.

Stevenson left two novels unfinished at his death in 1894.

Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™

Kidnapped

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE MAIN CHARACTERS



Alan
Breck



Ebenezer
Balfour



David Balfour



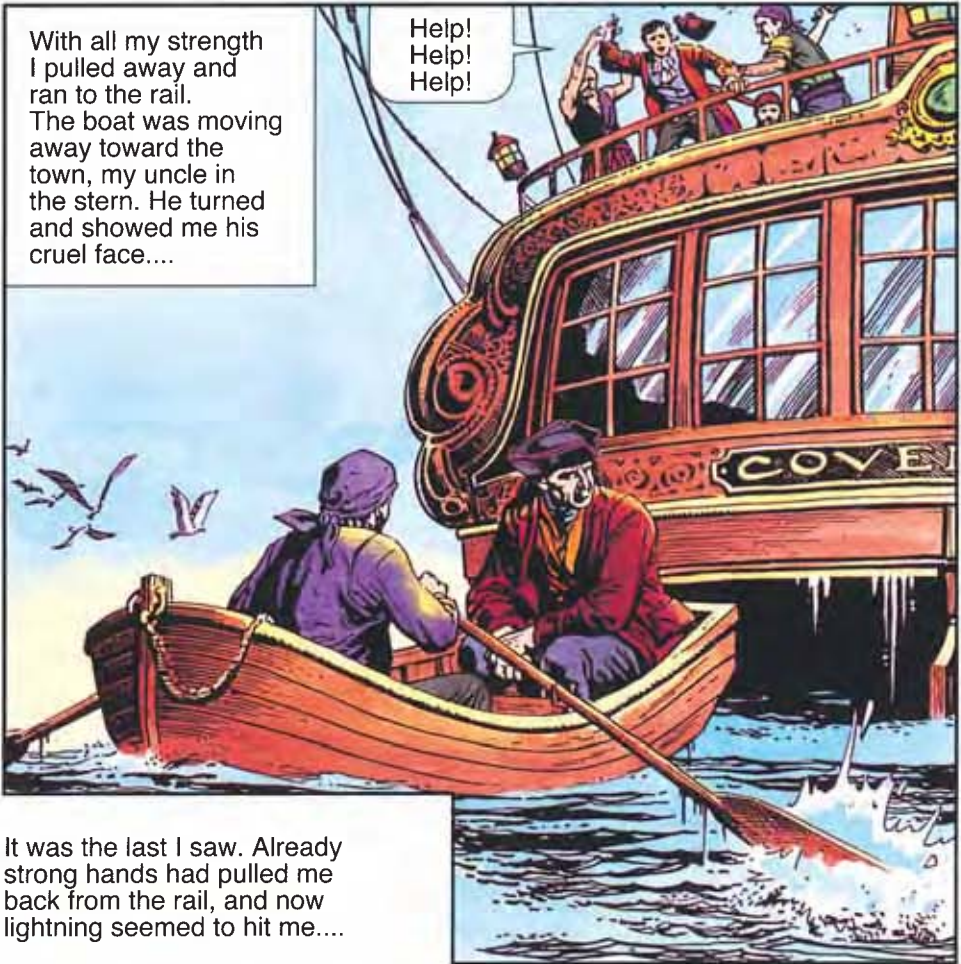
Mr. Rankeillor



Captain Hoseason

With all my strength I pulled away and ran to the rail. The boat was moving away toward the town, my uncle in the stern. He turned and showed me his cruel face....

Help!
Help!
Help!

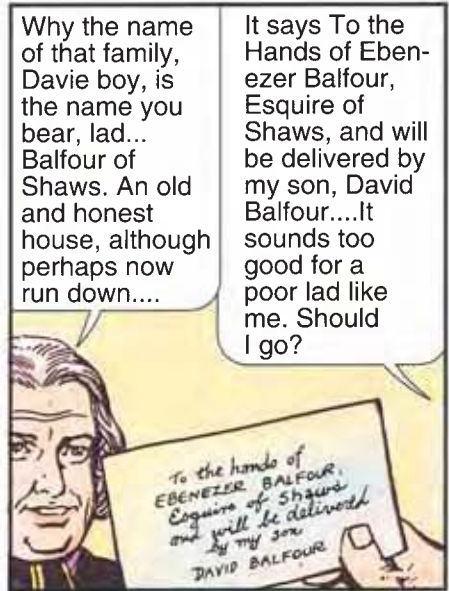
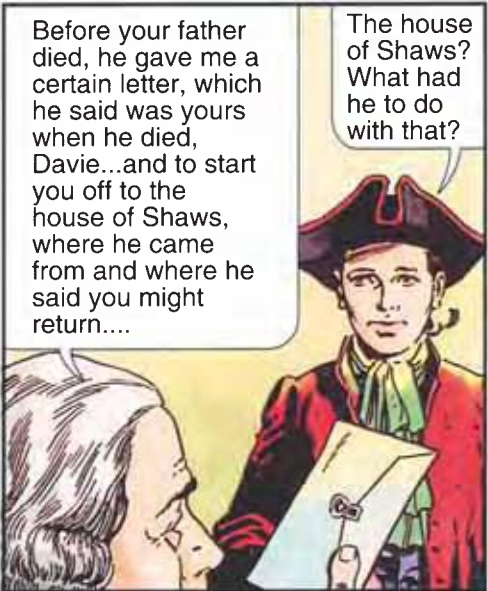


It was the last I saw. Already strong hands had pulled me back from the rail, and now lightning seemed to hit me....

And I saw a great flash of fire and fell to the ground....



That does it, men. Put him below!



Yes, lad. Cramond is about two days walk, near Edinburgh. I would hope that they would welcome you. But remember Mr. Balfour is the master of the house and treat him with respect.



By the second day I was in Cramond....



And after two or three had given me the same look and answer, I began to think....



And the next man I asked told me plainly....



It was at sundown when a woman stopped.

That is the house of Shaws! Blood built it; blood stopped the building of it; blood shall bring it down!

W-what?



If you see the master tell him Jennet Clouston has put a curse on him and his house.

But I carried my father's letter and would not be stopped....



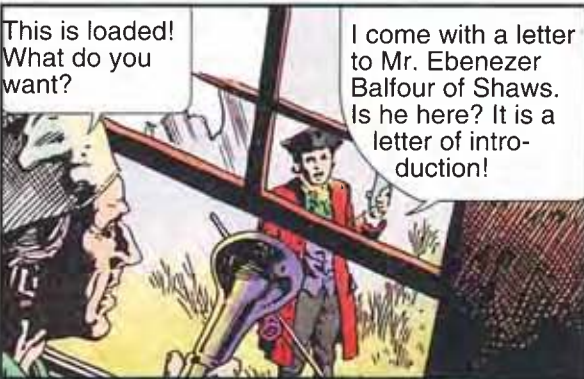
Well, anyway, I'll knock....



My knock ignored, I pounded the door angrily until....

This is loaded! What do you want?

I come with a letter to Mr. Ebenezer Balfour of Shaws. Is he here? It is a letter of introduction!



A what? Who are you?

They call me David Balfour!



Upon hearing me name, the old man was quiet and then....



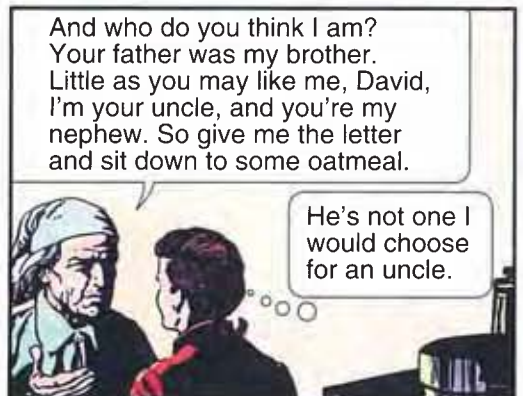
Much surprised at this I found no voice and stood staring....



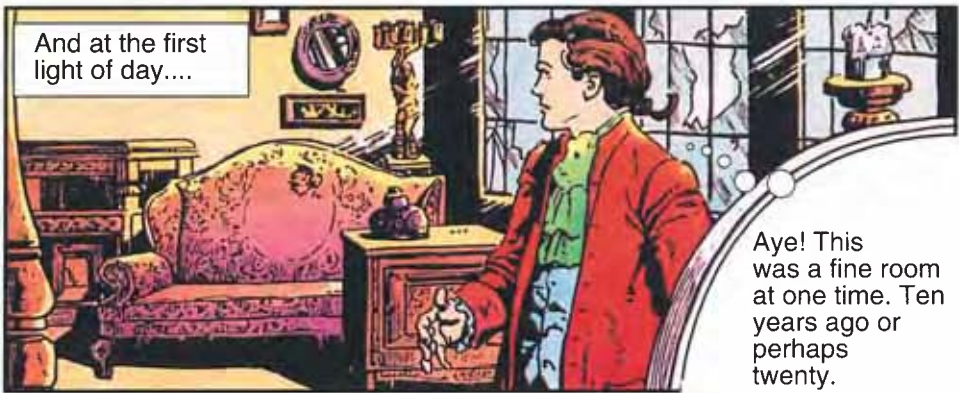
Then there came a great rattling of chains and locks, and as the door slowly opened....



The burned up fire showed me the poorest room I ever put eyes on.

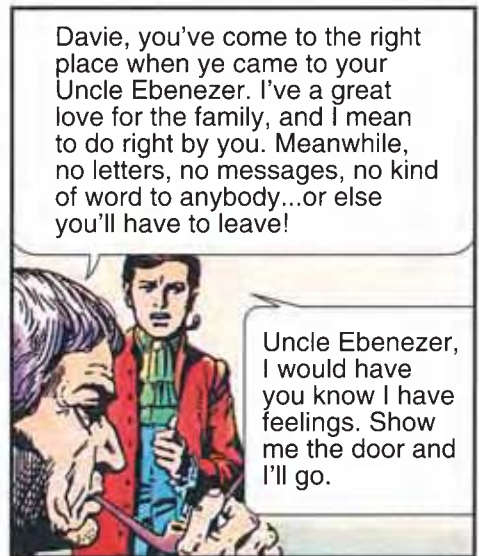




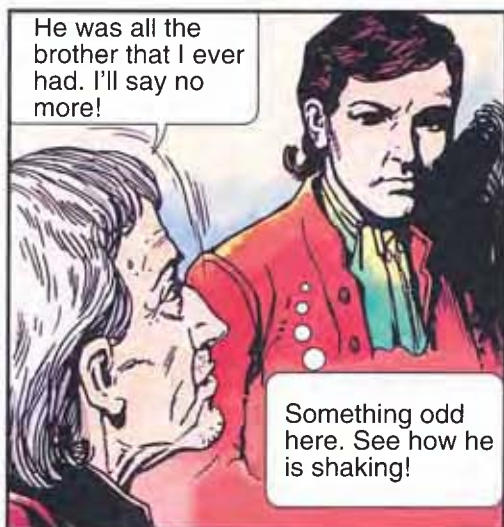


Hearing my shouts, my uncle let me out and led me back to the kitchen....

Then, at the end of our meal....



Later in a room next to the kitchen where he told me to go, I found a great number of books....



A story came into my mind of a poor man that was a rightful heir and a wicked brother that tried to keep him from what was his....



So we sat watching each other without another word to say, like cat and mouse, until....



It was a dark night, and it looked like there was a storm coming up....



But when he called me in....



I could hardly believe it....

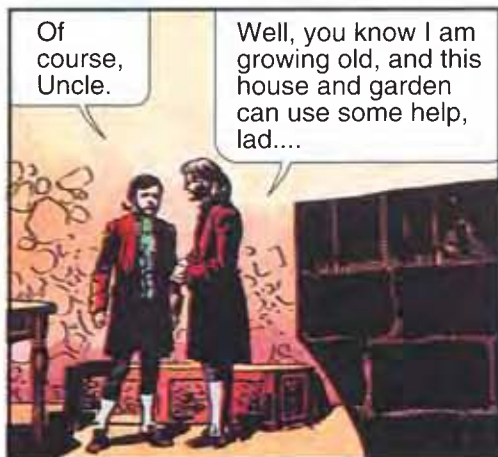


But I recovered to thank him as well as I could....



Of course, Uncle.

Well, you know I am growing old, and this house and garden can use some help, lad....



Here's the key to the tower at the far end of the house. Bring me down the chest that's at the top of the stairs. There are papers in it.



When I asked for a light, he said no lights in his house....



Feeling along the wall in the black night, I came to the tower door....



I had just turned the key when a flash of lightning lit up the whole sky....



Blinded by the sudden change from light to darkness again, I stepped into the tower.



I felt my way up in the blackness with beating heart.



The house of Shaws stood five stories high, and as I climbed higher....



Suddenly, there was a second flash of lightning.



My heart froze, then turned to anger.



I crawled on as slowly as a snail.



It had become dark again, and suddenly there were many bats flying down from the top of the tower, beating upon my face and body.



And then, coming close to another turn, my hand slipped.



The stair had been built no higher. Another step would have sent me straight to my death!



I climbed down again with anger in my heart.



As I approached my uncle's house there came a flash of lightning which showed him waiting and listening....



Then filled with fear, he ran into the house.



I followed him quietly into the kitchen and watched him take a bottle from the closet. Trembling, he drank from it.



Stepping forward suddenly I grabbed him from behind....



And he tumbled to the floor like a dead man....



Snatching the keys I went to the closet before he should get up....



Hiding my knife inside my coat, I turned to my uncle....



But after I threw some water in his face....



The little blue bottle...in the closet...gasp....



In the closet I found the bottle of medicine with the instructions written on a paper.

Here you are... swallow!

Ahh...Davie... it's my heart.



Why have you lied to me? Why do you fear admitting you and my father were twins? Why did you give me money? Why try to get rid of me, even to kill me? Why, uncle?

Gasp...no more now ...let me go to bed, Davie...I'll tell you all in the morning!



Locking him into his room, I built up the fire.

Perhaps by morning I'll know some of the mystery behind all this.



Morning changed, and I could hardly wait to take the upper hand.



Suddenly I heard a knock at the door.



I opened the door, and there stood a boy in sailor's clothes.

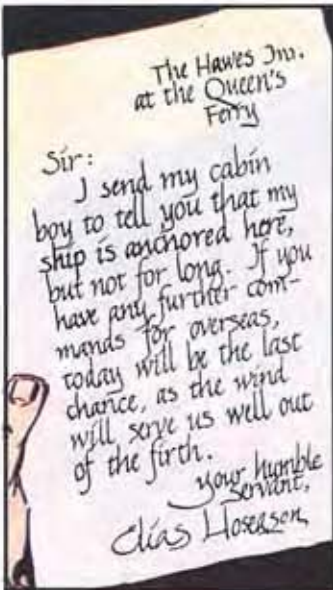


My uncle read the letter while I gave the lad some breakfast....

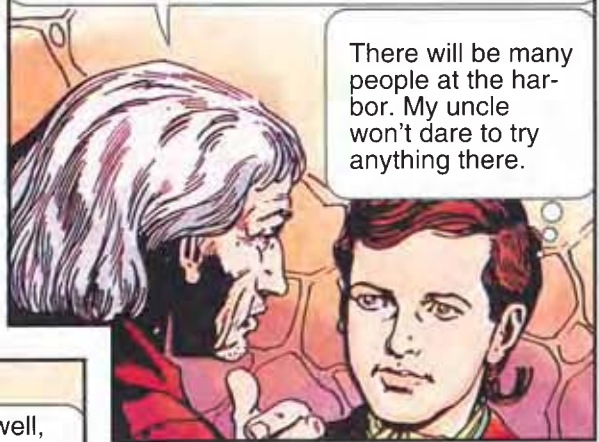


Suddenly my uncle handed me the letter.





Mr. Hoseason is a captain of a trading brig, called the Covenant, Davie. I do business with him, and if we could walk over with this lad, I could see the captain at the Hawes Inn, or maybe on board the Covenant if there are papers for me to sign. Then we can go over to the lawyer, Mr. Rankeillor



He's a highly respected old man, and he knew your father.

Very well, Uncle. I'll go with you to the ferry.

I'd like a closer view of the sea and ships after living all my life inland.

O! Cap'n Hoseason is no seaman. It's Mr. Shuan who sails the brig. He's the finest sailor on the seas, except for when he's drunk. I've been at sea since I was nine.



It sounds great, lad. Do they treat you well?



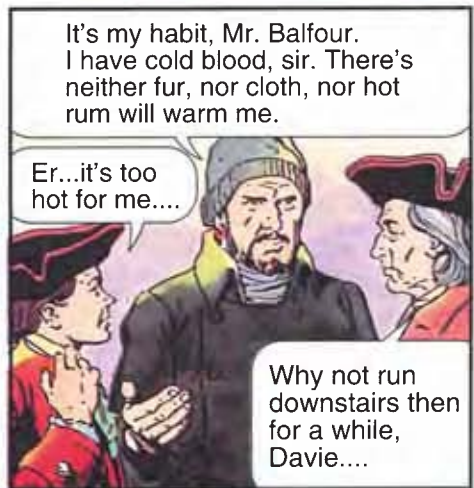
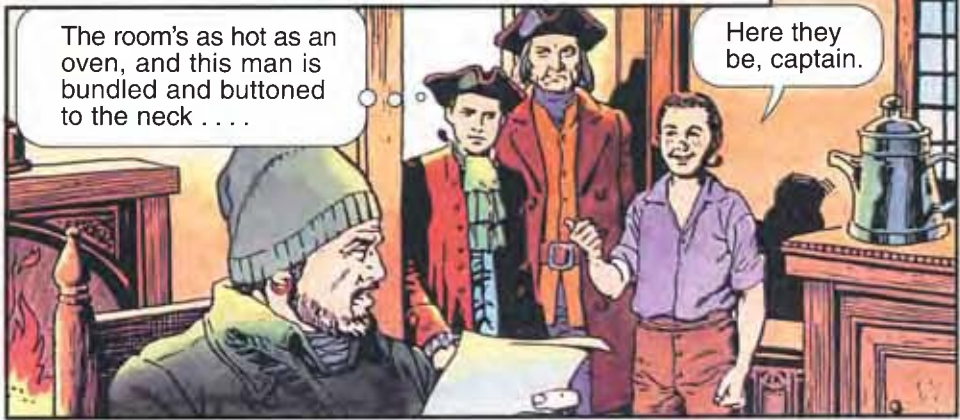
Then Ransome opened his shirt, and showed me great scars and tattoos on his chest....



Coming to the top of the hill, we saw a skiff waiting to take the men....



At the inn, Ransome led us upstairs to a small room....



Sickened by the hot room and wanting to take a look at the sea, I was fool enough to let my uncle out of my sight.



The smell of the sea made me think of long trips and faraway places.



And soon returning to the inn....

As we sat drinking, I noticed the landlord leave.



Buy me a drink, Davie.

Sure, Ransome, what'll you have?

Excuse me, sir, do you know a Mr. Rankeillor?

What, yes, and a very honest man.



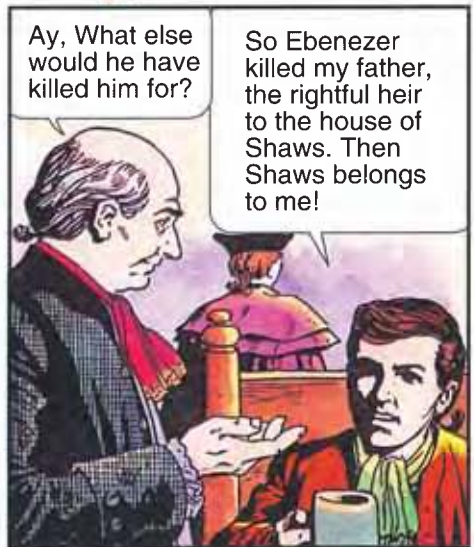
You're not a friend of Ebenezer Balfour?

Er... no, sir.



Good. He's a wicked old man. There's many would like to see him hanging from a rope. Did you ever hear that he killed a man... a Mr. Alexander... just to get the Shaws place?

Was Alexander the eldest son?



Ay, What else would he have killed him for?

So Ebenezer killed my father, the rightful heir to the house of Shaws. Then Shaws belongs to me!

Staring out the window later I saw Captain Hoseason on the deck among his men.



And when he returned, my uncle called us together.



Yes, he told me of that. But the skiff will take you ashore at the town dock, close to the Rankeillor's house.



Suddenly, leaning down, he whispered in my ear.



I went with him toward the skiff....





Quickly we drew alongside the brig....



And almost instantly I was lifted into the air and set down on deck.



With all my strength I pulled away....



And ran to the rail of the ship.



There was the skiff heading for the town, with my uncle in it.



And as I cried for help, his face turned showing me a look of cruelty and terror....



But it was the last I saw as strong hands grabbed me, and lightning seemed to strike my head.



When I returned again to life, I was in darkness, in great pain....



And later...after a long wait....



Bound and dizzy, I hurt in every bone until . . .



And soon I was carried up to the forward deck where again I lost my senses....



The sailors were rough men. Some had sailed with pirates. Some had escaped from the King's ships, and they often fought among themselves.



Ransome, the young cabinboy, came in from the cabin nursing new wounds.

Meanwhile the Covenant was being tossed about on heavy sea and making little progress.



Suddenly my life as a prisoner changed one night when....

And then to my surprise Captain Hoseason spoke to me....



The brig was rolling on a long cresting wave as I ran across the decks....



And again only saved by the kindness of one of the hands on deck....



Then I learned we were sailing northeast around Scotland.



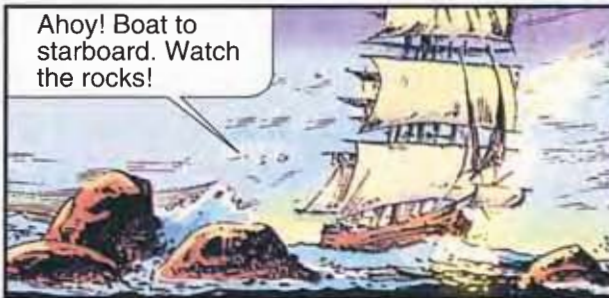
Later that night Captain Hoseason spoke to his chief officer....



For my new duties, I brought them food and drink, glad of the work which kept me from thinking.



Another week and more ill luck drove the Covenant this way and that until....



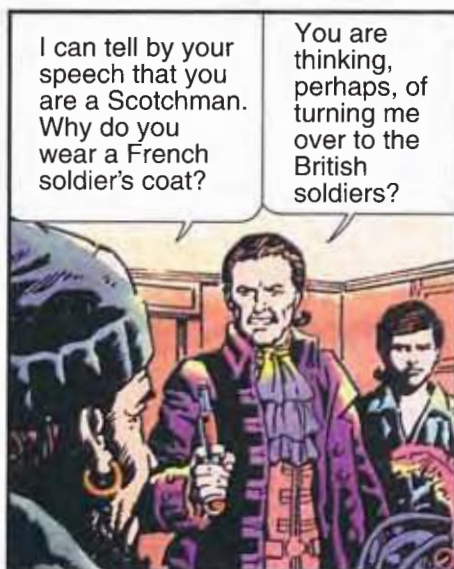
Suddenly the ship hit something....



In the fog we had run down a boat and split her in the middle.



As he was brought into the cabin....



As the captain left, leaving me with the Scottish rebel....



Although I was loyal to King George, I could understand this man working for King Louis of France, so that he could smuggle gold across for his chief who was fighting to win back freedom in Scotland against the King's men.



Needing the key, I went back to the Captain....



As I heard these evil men planning, I was filled with fear and anger.

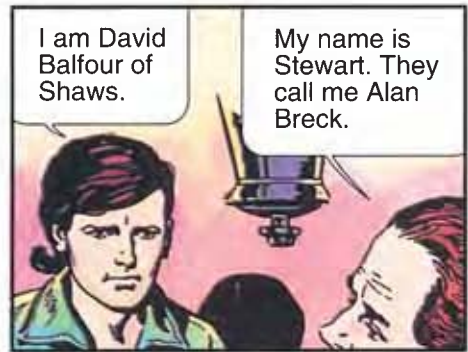




But upon returning to the cabin, I knew I could not go through with it.



Thinking a man with such a fine coat liked fine people....

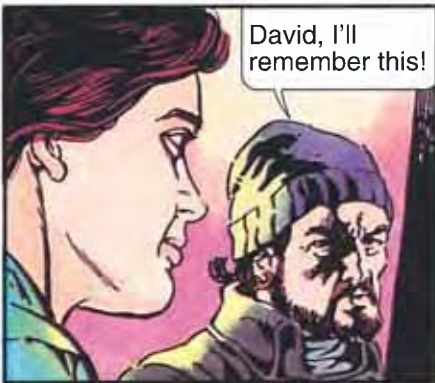
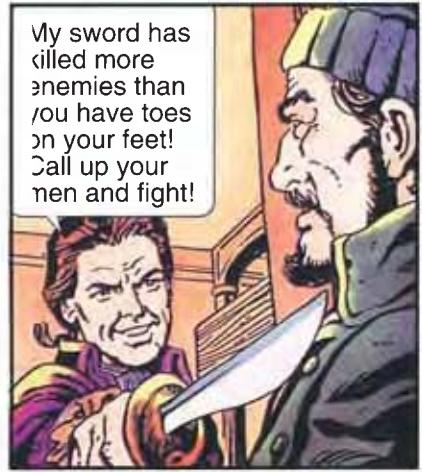


As Alan prepared to fight....



Suddenly the captain came to the door.

The captain gave me an ugly look.



The sea was quiet, but I was unable to hear voices.



And as the attack began....



As I turned to my place....



And it was my turn to act when five men came up with a large beam for a battering ram to knock the door in....



At my second and third shots, they broke and ran....



As Mr. Shuan sank slowly lower, he was dragged from behind, away from the roundhouse....



I hit one, Alan.
I think the
captain.

And I've gotten two.
But that's not enough.
They'll be back. To
your watch, David!



Unless we can beat them
once and for all, there'll
be no sleep for us. This
time it will be for keeps!



As I waited, pistols ready....

Here
they
come!



Suddenly the glass of the
skylight was broken in a
thousand pieces....

But I could not pull the trigger until
he grabbed me and....



I'll get you, you
little...ugh!



As he fell to the floor,
I shot at another man
coming through.



Hearing Alan shout
for help, I turned....



And catching up my
sword before we were
lost....



But before
I could
help,
they
began to
run....

Come on
and fight!

Help!
Run!

He's like a
crazy bull!



At every flash
of his sword
there came
the scream
of a man
hurt....

Ahhhh!

Ughhh!

He chased them along the deck, and when he turned back at last, they were still running and crying out as if he were still behind.



David, I love you like a brother!



And am I not a good fighter? There's four down by my sword!



And as I made up my bed on the floor, he stood guard, pistol in hand and sword on knee, three hours by the captain's clock.

You're a brave lad. You'll do well to get some sleep, Davie. I'll do the first watch.



After my watch with still nothing happening, I saw the brig had drifted near the coast....



At six o'clock we made breakfast.

Then, taking a knife, he cut one of the silver buttons from his coat....

And later Mr. Riach called for a parley.

We'll hear more of them before long. The rum and brandy locker's here, and while you may keep a man from fighting, you'll never keep him away from his bottle.



I got them from my father Duncan Stewart. It's a keepsake for last night's work. Wherever you go and show that button, the friends of Alan Breck will know you.



This is a bad job, Davie. The captain would like to speak to your friend. At the window, perhaps.



Can we trust him?

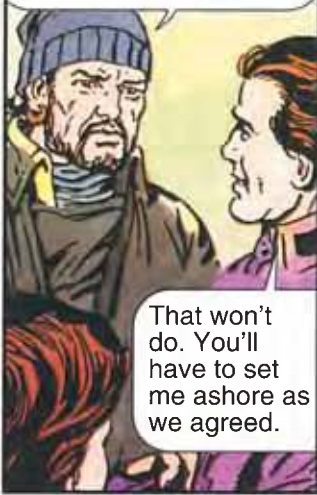
He gave his word, and the captain drew near.

Put that thing away! Have I not given my word?

Captain, last night you gave me your word, and you know what happened then. Why should I believe you now?



You've made an awful mess of my brig. I haven't enough men to sail her. My first officer is dead. Killed by your sword. We'll have to sail back into Glasgow for more men.



That won't do. You'll have to set me ashore as we agreed.

But none of us know this coast and it's one very dangerous for ships.



Then you're as poor a sailor as you are a fighter. Just set me ashore within thirty miles of my own country, except in the country of the Campbells.

It will cost money. Sixty gold coins if you can tell us how to get there.



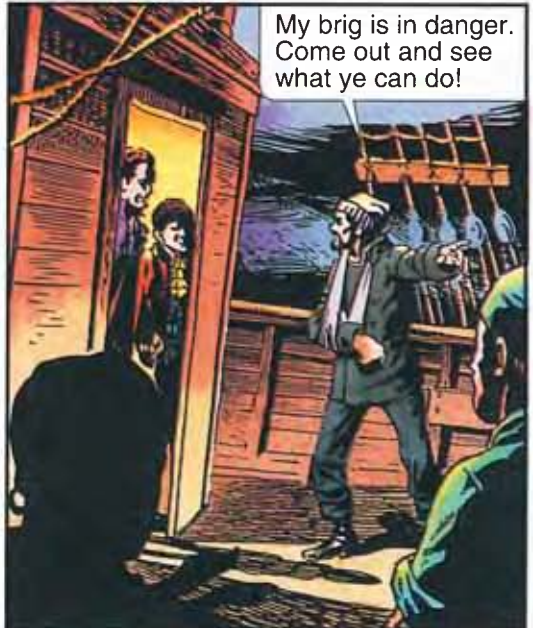
Well, I'm more of a fighting man than a sailorman, but I know this coast pretty well.

One more thing. We may meet up with the King's ship. What then?

Captain, if you see the King's flag, it shall be your duty to run away.



Late that night under a rough sea....



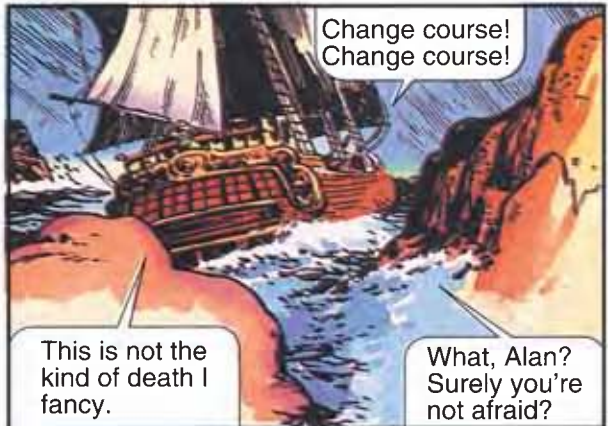
My brig is in danger. Come out and see what ye can do!

Suddenly the captain pointed into the water....



Soon Mr. Riach called back....

As we got nearer, the reefs were close showing us our danger....



Then the tide caught the brig and turned her into the wind....



And the next moment we hit the reefs....



And as the brig began breaking to pieces....



Suddenly a huge wave rocked the ship....



And I was thrown over the side into the sea.

I went down, swallowing water as I went.

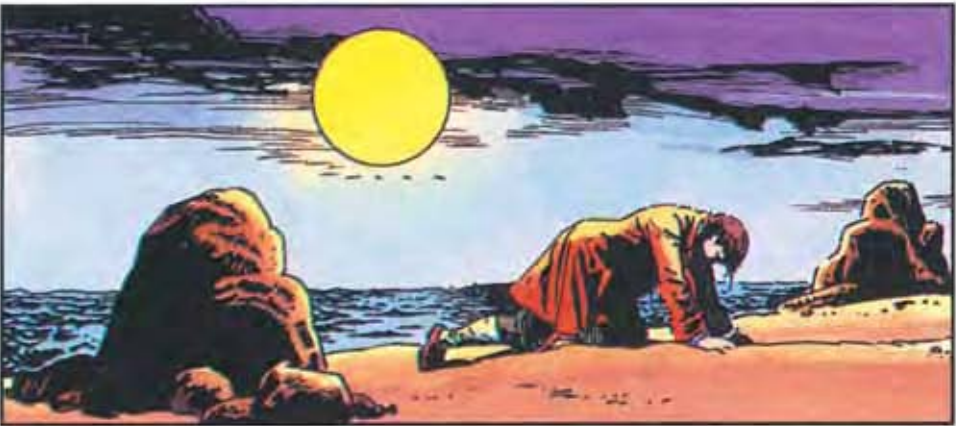


I would surely have drowned, but then....

Then I was in quiet water....



The moon shone clear when I finally struggled ashore....



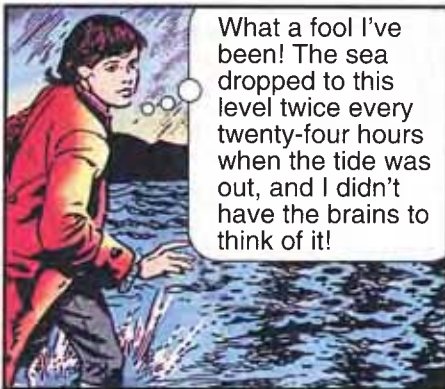
At daybreak, climbing a hill,
I looked for the brig.



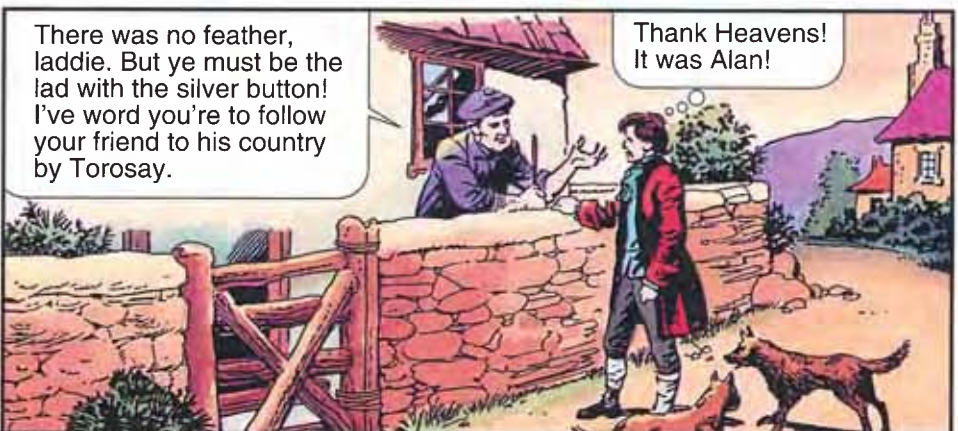
My way to the mainland was blocked
by a narrow strip of water.

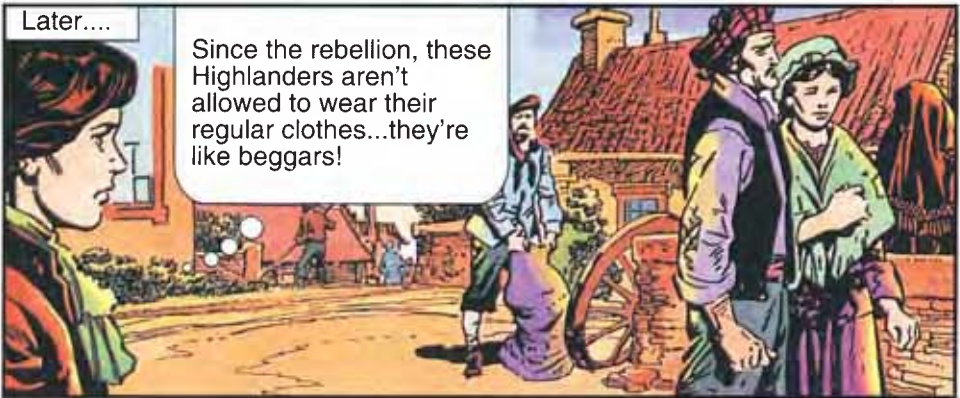


After one hundred hours of cold and
hunger, I remembered the tide.



At the first house I came to . . .





They spoke no English and answered my questions in Gaelic, a language I did not understand at all....

At last, my gold coins were a help to me....

But after a day of travelling, he sat down.



And suddenly he drew a knife from his rags....

And forgetting everything but my anger....



Finally, at Torosay....



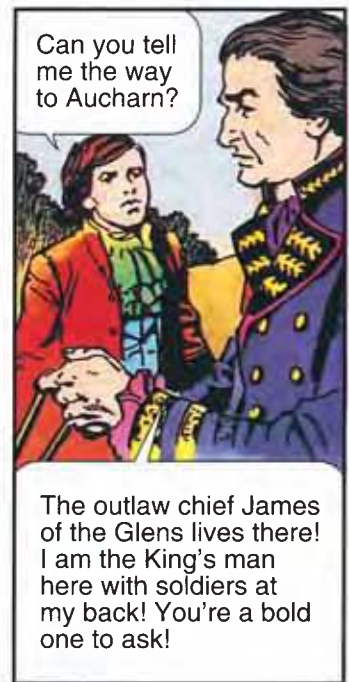
Look out for the red soldiers, lad. Also there's the Red Fox to keep away from. He's a collector of all the taxes here and an enemy of Alan Breck. He's the King's man, the Red Fox! Also known as Colin Roy Campbell!



Later after crossing the water and being set ashore....



And so, foolishly, I stopped them....



Suddenly from higher up the hill....



As he fell, I saw movement up the hill....



And as he ran, I chased him....



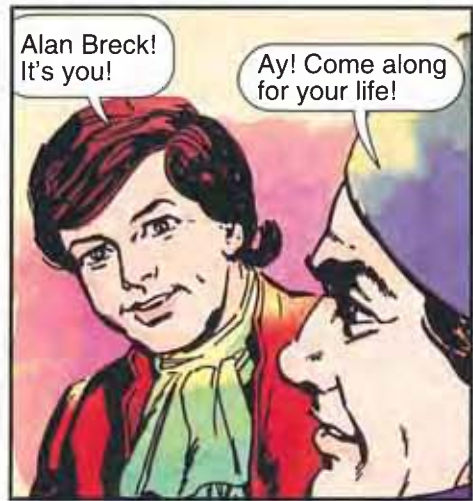
When behind me....



And as the soldiers began to spread and run after me, my heart came into my mouth with a new kind of terror.



And as I stood helpless with fear....



He ran quickly among the birches, crawling on all fours, until....



And I followed him until we didn't hear the sound of the soldiers....



Until at last Alan threw himself down, and we lay panting like dogs.



But when he rose to go on....



You and I must part, Alan. I can't forget that murder behind me of the Red Fox! Why did you do it?

What? If I were going to kill a gentleman, would I do it on my own country and bring trouble to my clan?



You mean you didn't do it? Thank God. Then it must have been that man in the black coat!

I'm not sure about his coat. I think it was blue.



Blue or black, do you swear you don't know him?

Ach, I've a grand memory for forgetting, Davie.



We've not much time to argue. We must get out of this country. Myself since I'm a deserter, and you because you're wanted for murder!

But I am innocent. Why should I fear the justice of my country?



Ay, the same justice as the Red Fox found a while back!

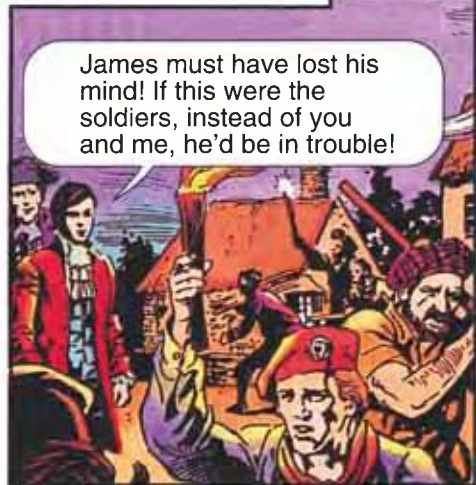
True, but I can't run for something I never did.

We're in the Highlands, Davie. When I tell you to run, take my word and run. Unless you prefer to lie in a redcoat prison!

I began to think he was right....



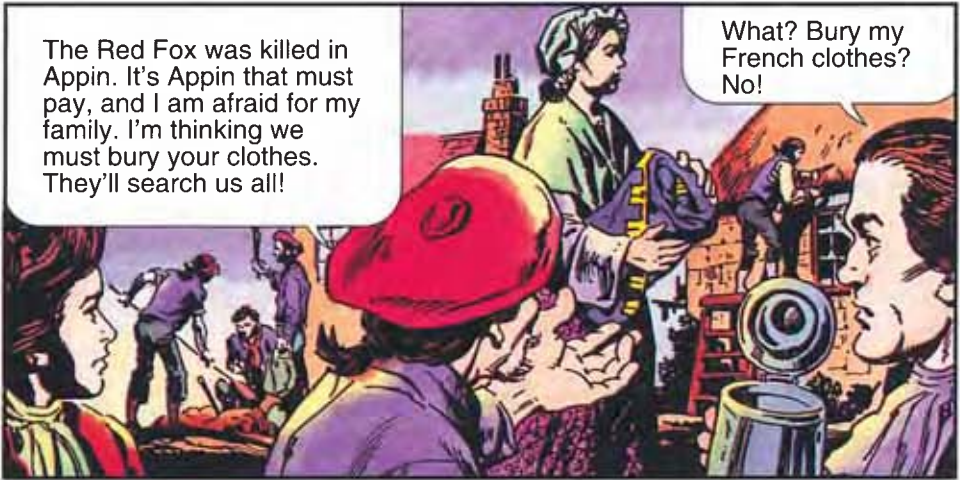
Later that night....



But Alan whistled a secret signal and shortly....



The Red Fox was killed in Appin. It's Appin that must pay, and I am afraid for my family. I'm thinking we must bury your clothes. They'll search us all!



What? Bury my French clothes? No!

I'll take those, and we'll need money and weapons, James.



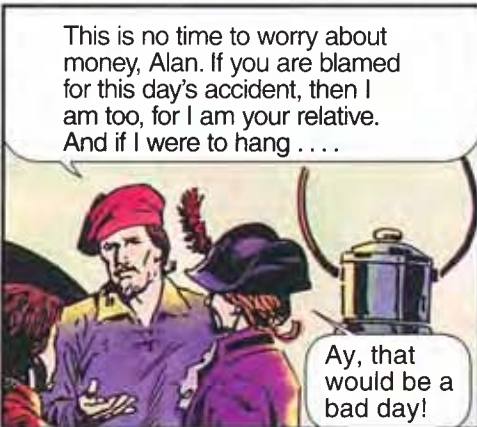
And when he returned dressed in his French clothes....

We've food for you and your friend, Alan...weapons, too. But we've hardly any money.

This won't do. I need money for my chief in France!



This is no time to worry about money, Alan. If you are blamed for this day's accident, then I am too, for I am your relative. And if I were to hang



Ay, that would be a bad day!

I'll have to offer a reward for you myself if they force me, to protect myself. You'll have to be out of the country, and out of Scotland, you and your friend!



What? And he is to be accused too?

But my plain common sense set me off....



And so we set out again, heading eastward over the same broken country as before....



And as it became morning....

Soon we were in a great valley far from any house....



With that, he ran harder than ever down to the water.



But I forced myself to follow and....



I flung myself across with a kind of anger....



Then we were off again until....



Then pulling me up with his leather belt....



When I awoke....



But after a hot day on the rock....



And again we made a run for it....



And the next day ...and the next... until....



Until at last....



Davie went to the lawyer's house in Queensferry while Alan waited in hiding.



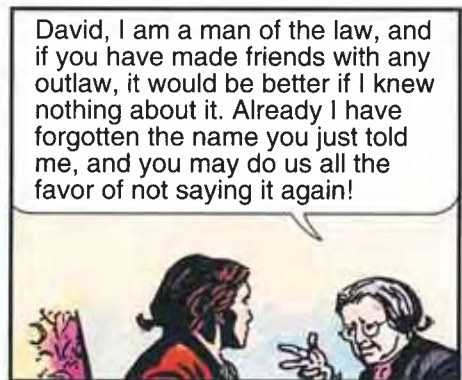
I have come from a great many strange places, sir. I have reason to believe I have some right on the estate of Shaws.



And so I told Mr. Rankeillor the story of my life and recent adventures....



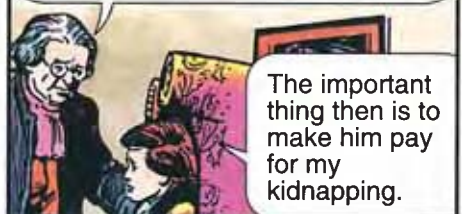
But when I came to tell about Alan, Mr. Rankeillor quickly stopped me....



From this point on I called Alan "Mister Thompson," and soon finished my story.



I believe the estate is yours, David. But a lawsuit, in this case, would not be easy, for if any of your doings with your friend -er- Mr. Thompson were to come out, we might find we were in great trouble.



Between us we made a plan which would force my uncle to admit to the kidnapping and my rights to the estate. I then took Mr. Rankeillor to the place where Alan was hiding, and the three of us set out for the Shaws....



When we reached the Shaws, Alan went straight to the door while Mr. Rankeillor and I hid ourselves beside the corner of the house



I'll be brief, sir. A ship went down near Mull, and my friends found a lad there who claims you're his uncle. They're holding him there, at great expense, and I've come to tell you you'll not see him again unless we can come to some agreement.

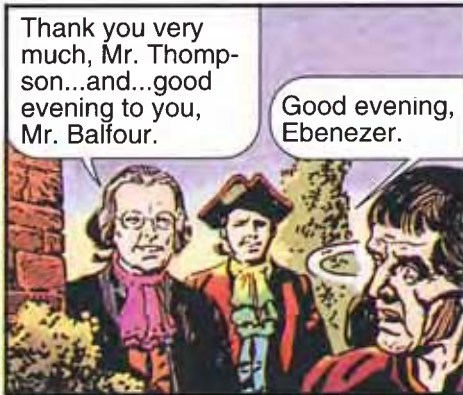


Then perhaps you'll be paying us to keep him, sir. For he's got a pretty story to tell about how you had him taken out to sea by a Captain Hoseason to be murdered.

It's a lie! I gave Hoseason twenty pounds for the selling of the lad in America. There was never a word about murder!



Upon hearing my uncle's confession....



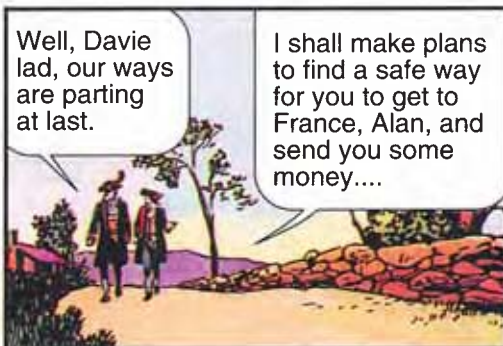
My uncle was in a state of shock....



Mr. Rankeillor and my uncle soon came to terms, and it was agreed that Ebenezer should remain at Shaws, but that I should receive two thirds of the yearly income of the property.



But later as Alan and I walked away together, we thought only of our old life....



We spoke very little for our hearts were sad, and I dared not look him in the face for fear of crying....



Kidnapped

Kidnapped by his scheming and wicked uncle, teenager David Balfour is forced to sail the high seas on the ship the *Covenant*. With the help of an unlikely friend, a Scotsman who is rebelling against English rule, David escapes. However, together they still face more danger before David can regain his stolen inheritance from his uncle.



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